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SHAKSPERE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE

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378–388 WABASH AVENUE.....CHICAGO

The Lake English Classics

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SHAKSPERE'S

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
1900

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PREFACE.

The editorial contributions to the present edition of *The Merchant of Venice* are of two kinds. In the Introduction the editor has tried to treat the play somewhat broadly, and to make the various sections illustrative of methods of study to be pursued also in other plays. Thus the accounts of the date and sources of the play are given at a length which without this explanation might seem excessive. In the same way certain typical peculiarities of Shakspere's verse and language have been treated in the Introduction, in the hope that the student, by seeing the illustrations grouped together and by referring to them from the text, will come to recognize the forms in his further reading of the author. On the contrary, in the notes and the glossary, which are to be used in direct connection with the text, the editor has striven to keep strictly within the limits of information needed for the understanding of the words of the play, in order that the interruption of the normal process of reading may be as slight as possible. The aim has been to suggest to the student that his chief object should be to read the text understandingly, not to master a certain quantity of Elizabethan lore. In the

division of matter between notes and glossary such explanations as refer simply to the particular passages under consideration have been placed in the notes, while synonyms for words of ordinary occurrence in Shakspere are given in the glossary. By the use of other editions, especially Dr. Furness's *Variorum*, the teacher will be able to supplement the notes, but it is suggested that such comment be directed toward the explanation of constructions and uses of language common in Shakspere and his contemporaries, rather than toward the examination of passages, possibly corrupt, to which the ingenuity of editors has given a factitious importance.

There are two methods of study to which Shakspere's plays are subjected. One consists in the examination and the interpretation of the text. In the other the play is considered as a masterpiece of the dramatic form, and is examined by scenes to determine the place of each in the advancement of the plot, the development of character, and the enforcement of the main theme. Both theories are useful. Neither by itself is sufficient; either may be pressed too far. It should not be forgotten that Shakspere wrote his play to give pleasure, that our object in reading it is to enjoy it, and that it is according as our study yields additional enjoyment that it is successful. It is, however, perfectly certain, inasmuch as poetry is an art which appeals to the intellect as

well as to the emotions, that the play will be the more enjoyed the more it is understood. Thus, in handling the play in class, enough questions must be asked upon the interpretation of the text to make sure that the student understands the word or phrase, and can refer it for comparison to a passage containing the same word or construction, if one has occurred earlier in the play. Some suggestions toward the use of the second method have been given in the Introduction. It may be well to repeat here, however, the caution there given against trying to find in Shakspere an artist or a moral teacher who transcended even the ideals of art and morality of his time.

For further study the student will find useful the editions of this play by Messrs. Clark and Wright (Clarendon Press), and Professor Gummere (Longman's English Classics). The *Variorum*, edited by Dr. Furness, contains the most valuable notes of various commentators, as well as extracts from the best criticism on the play. The general information in regard to Shakspere and his works which every one should possess can be obtained from Dowden's *Primer of Shakspere*. Additional works are Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakspere*, Barrett Wendell's *William Shakspere*, Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art*, as well as the works of Mr. Fleay. For the general period see A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*, Symonds's *Shakspere's Predecessors*,

Boas's *Shakspere and His Predecessors*. For Shakspere's language and grammar, consult Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*, and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. SHAKSPERE AND HIS PLAYS.

1. LIFE.

William Shakspere was born of peasant stock. His father, John Shakspere, was connected with a family of small land-holders in Warwickshire, which has been traced back to the fourteenth century. This John Shakspere was a successful trader in Stratford-on-Avon, where he dealt in various kinds of produce, among them meat, a fact which has given rise to the legendary connection of the poet Shakspere with the butcher's trade. John Shakspere was for many years a man of substance, and enjoyed the respect of his neighbors; he served as burgess of the town, as constable, as chamberlain of the borough, and finally as high bailiff or mayor. In 1557 he married Mary Arden, the daughter of a rich farmer of Wilmcote. Of this marriage were born two girls, who died in infancy; then, in April, 1564, a son, William, and following him several more children. Meanwhile John Shakspere had fallen into financial difficulties. By 1578 he had been forced to mortgage most of his own and his wife's property, and

in 1586 it was reported that he had no available goods on which his various creditors might levy. The early experiences of William Shakspere's life may, then, be said to connect themselves with the gradual falling away of his family from a place of ease and honor in the community to one of difficulty.

Shakspere received his elementary education, including a fair amount of Latin, at the Stratford Grammar School. About the age of thirteen, however, he was withdrawn from school to assist his father in his declining business. Five years later he added to the complications of his life by marrying Anne Hathaway, probably the daughter of a farmer of Shottery who had recently died. There is reason for suspecting that this marriage was forced on Shakspere by the bride's family as a measure of reparation. Anne was eight years older than her husband. She bore him three children, Susanna, Hamnet, and Judith, the last being twins born in 1585. After this Shakspere had no more children, and it is conjectured that he left Stratford in the same year, possibly in consequence of difficulties with a gentleman of the neighborhood, Sir Thomas Lucy, on whose estate he is traditionally said to have poached. At all events, within the next few years Shakespere abandoned Stratford for London.

Here Shakspere found his first employment, so far as we know, in the company of actors patronized by the Earl of Leicester, and after his death

successively by Lord Strange, and Lord Hunsdon, who afterwards became the Lord Chamberlain. Shakspere was at first, perhaps, a servant, then an actor, then an adapter of the plays of others, and finally a dramatist and poet on his own account. That he early attracted notice in his profession of player and dramatic adapter is proved by an angry reference to him in a pamphlet by Robert Greene, called a *Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance.* "There is," wrote Greene, "an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tygers heart wrapt in a players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." This was published in 1592, several years after Shakspere's arrival in London. The "tygers heart wrapt in a players hide" is a parody of a line in the the third part of *Henry VI*,[1] which is one of the plays which Shakspere may have rewritten. But although Shakspere was in some sort a dramatist by 1592, he continued to act for years after. He is set down in 1598 as one of the company which played Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, and as late as 1603 he is mentioned with Richard Burbage as a member of the company which enjoyed the special favor of James I.

[1] "Oh, tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide." I., iv., 137.

As actor and playwright Shakspere secured the means of rehabilitating his family. According to Mr. Sidney Lee[1] his salary was probably not far from £100 *per annum*, and in addition, his plays, of which he produced, on an average, two a year, brought him in perhaps £10 apiece before 1599, and more later. In 1599 he became a shareholder in a new theater, the Globe, which proved extremely profitable. With these resources Shakspere began to build up a landed estate for himself in his native town. In 1597 he bought New Place, a large house in Stratford; and in 1602 he added to this a hundred acres of land near the town. Other investments show him to have been a man of increasing substance and consequence in the county. Moreover, if his plays brought him little money, they gave him reputation and consideration in London, both with the literary men of his day and with those of higher rank. In 1593 he dedicated his first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and a year later *The Rape of Lucrece* to the same nobleman, in terms which leave no doubt as to the cordiality which existed between them. If, as many suppose, the sonnets are to be regarded as dedicated to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we have another evidence of Shakspere's intimacy with the great. In any case, it is easy to suppose that the

[1] *A Life of William Shakespeare.*

drama in which Shakspere took most interest was that of the recovery, by his efforts, of the position which his family had lost in his boyhood.

In this work of recovery Shakspere must have suffered a painful discouragement from the death of his son Hamnet in 1596, just when his plans for re-establishing his family at Stratford were approaching maturity. The interest of the rest of his life is in his authorship of the plays which bear his name, of which an account is given later. In 1611 the dramatist retired from active life, and except for an occasional visit to London, lived at New Place, Stratford, where, on April 23, 1616, he died.

II. THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

When Shakspere came up from Stratford to London he found demanding expression the interests, ideals, and passions which were the accompaniment of the intellectual and moral expansion of the English Renaissance; and he found existing a literary form beyond others suited to be the vehicle of such expression. The modern drama began its course in the obscurity of the Middle Age. Its origin was due chiefly to the desire of the church to educate the people into its mysteries by giving to the latter concrete representation. The ceremony of the mass with its symbolism is a result of the dramatic impulse. It became the

custom for the clergy to give at Christmas and Easter actual representations of the scene about the manger at Bethlehem and of the resurrection of Jesus, the tableau being accompanied by appropriate lyrical passages in which the audience took part. Gradually these representations became more elaborate; a certain amount of stage setting was used, and the characters were provided with speeches drawn from the Gospel narrative. Moreover, to the sacred representations which were founded upon the Gospels, and are known as Mysteries, were added other plays, dealing with events in the Old Testament or in the lives of various saints. These were called Miracle Plays. A third form of drama was the Morality, in which the ethical side of Christianity was expressed, usually by allegorical representation of the life of a man struggling against temptation.

At first such sacred plays were entirely in the hands of the clergy. The substitution of the vernacular for Latin, the transfer of the stage, as it became more elaborate, from the church itself to the open air, and finally the attempt to make the plays popular by developing their realistic and comic possibilities, caused the drama to fall more and more into the hands of lay actors. The guilds, or associations of mediæval trades, each of which had its patron saint, took up the duty of presenting on public holidays the Mysteries or Miracle Plays for which each was specially fitted.

For example, the shipwrights chose the story of Noah, in which the building of the ark gave them an opportunity to show their skill. In the larger towns the plays were repeated several times at different points, and for convenience the stage was set on wheels and drawn through the streets. In this way the several guilds followed one another, presenting in successive plays the chief events of Bible history in chronological order to many groups of spectators. Among the collections of such plays which remain may be mentioned the York, Coventry, and Chester Plays, named from the cities where they were acted.

These plays are in many cases more than mere adaptations of the Biblical narrative. In some instances they contain lyrical passages of genuine poetry. There is in many an appeal to the homely interests of the audience through the picturing of the realism of a life which all knew. Finally, the comic parts, such as that of Herod, or of the Devil, were elaborated. Naturally, such developments made it necessary that the conduct of the play, should be given to men who possessed in voice, appearance, and skill in acting, some aptitude for stage work. Thus there grew up, perhaps at first under the patronage of the guilds, a class of professional actors. These, again, began to travel about the country in companies, giving plays on their own account in the courtyards of castles or inns. For their use the long Moralities, such as

Everyman, and *The Castle of Perseverance*, were replaced by short pieces called Interludes, consisting of a few episodes or dialogue passages with a moral lesson attached. These Interludes became a favorite amusement of the court of Henry VII., and Henry VIII., where they were presented sometimes by professional actors, sometimes by gentlemen of the court.

In all this time the English drama was being fitted to become an instrument of national expression. The need of such an instrument came with the Renaissance. The discoveries made in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of the works of ancient authors, and the revived interest in the culture of Greece and Rome, were transmitted to England in the early sixteenth century. This intellectual revival was followed by the spiritual and moral awakening of the Reformation. The discovery of new lands beyond the Atlantic, and the stirring of the spirit of exploration and adventure, enlarged the possibilities of life and of imagination. All these forces tended intellectually toward emancipating and developing the individual, and practically toward giving the individual an opportunity to realize and express himself in action. Thus the Renaissance in England was distinguished by the appearance of a group of brilliant characters. And closely following the Renaissance came the struggle with Spain, which united many of these men in action, and connected

all to a greater or less degree with the national consciousness of England.

This growing consciousness, the interest in human nature and in character, the curiosity in regard to new countries and foreign countries and literatures,—all these in which the conscious part of the nation shared made the drama the natural form of literary expression for England in the sixteenth century. The drama unfolds character in action and movement, and for the moment action and movement were the chief characteristics of English life. The drama gives concrete representations of scenes and manners; and through such concrete representations the people of that day had learned to gain the information which we seek in novels and newspapers. Finally, the drama appeals to many men simultaneously, to an audience as to one. The quickened intellectual life of the day, while it had led a few into personal greatness, had not so differentiated the mass of men that they could not think and see alike. They were, moreover, accustomed to move in masses, to rely on each other for direction. Thus it seems that the two requisites of dramatic success—great subjects and a fit audience—existed in the England into which Shakspere was born.

Shakspere's vocation for the drama was doubtless determined by the demands of the time. By the middle of the sixteenth century the Miracle Play and the Morality had given place to the drama

proper. The study of the Latin comedies of Plautus had taught Englishmen the technical requirements of a play. *Ralph Roister Doister*, written before 1552, by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, for performance by the boys of that school, is a Latin comedy in English; and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, printed 1575, though more original, shows the influence of the classical model. About the same time appeared *Gorboduc*, by Norton and Sackville, an attempt to transfer the principles and technique of Roman tragedy to England. These plays and others like them were acted at schools and at the universities, but they never became popular. The same may be said of the allegorical plays of John Lyly (*The Woman in the Moon*, *Endimion*, *Campaspe*, etc.), which were written between 1579 and 1590, to be acted before the Queen by the choristers of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal.

Meanwhile, the popular drama was working itself out on bolder lines. The plays intended for the court, like those of Lyly, were largely classical stories thrown into dramatic form, with swift, pleasant dialogue, beneath which lurked satiric or allegorical reference to events of the time. The popular taste demanded stronger meat—stories of tragical import presented, as in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (1587), with a passion and violence which set classical decorum at defiance, or comedies of rude, healthful realism.

Moreover, the popular drama was providing itself with a recognized home, and becoming an institution. After the middle of the century the strolling bands of actors united into larger companies, each taking the name of some noble or official of state by whom it was licensed. Thus we hear of Lord Strange's men, the company which Shakspere first joined, the Admiral's men, the Earl of Pembroke's, the Queen's, etc. In 1576 the first playhouse in London, the Theatre, was built by James Burbage; the Curtain was erected the same year; and others, the Rose, the Swan, and Blackfriars followed before the end of the century. In 1599 the Theatre was torn down and the Globe, in which Shakspere had an interest, was built in its place. On the boards of these theatres were at least two actors of first-rate ability,—Edward Alleyn, of the Admiral's Men, and Richard Burbage, to whose company Shakespere long belonged, and for whom he wrote his best parts.

A London theatre in the sixteenth century took its form apparently from the inn courtyard where the actors were accustomed to play. A covered gallery partly enclosed a space, square or circular, open to the sky. This constituted the pit, where any one could enter and stand for a penny. The gallery was for the rich, who could afford to pay a shilling or a half crown for a chair. Across one end of the pit was the stage, covered, and provided with a balcony for scenes in which the actors

should be on different levels. The stage furniture was severely simple. A change of scene required little preparation except the exhibition of a placard giving the name of the place which the imagination of the spectators must call up. This absence of scenery left the stage free for broad effects of individual acting, or great *ensemble* scenes involving many persons, in which the Elizabethan dramatists were wont to indulge themselves. It is true, the stage was encroached upon by the audience, or a favored part of it, and this fact serves to emphasize the close connection between all concerned in the presentation of an Elizabethan drama. The playwright, as in Shakspere's case, was frequently one of the actors; and the actors in their performance were so close to their most critical hearers that they must have felt and responded to the slightest quiver of sympathy or disgust. Inasmuch as plays were commonly given in the afternoon, the audience was composed of the less serious part of the population—the gallants, the idlers, the persons of irregular occupation. Women of good character never appeared except masked.

To supply the plays many playwrights were kept busy inventing, altering, adapting. In the year 1587, possibly soon after Shakspere's arrival in London, appeared Christopher Marlowe's *Tamberlaine the Great*, which fixed blank verse as the regular poetic form of English tragedy. Marlowe followed this first notable play by a second part,

then by *Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and a historical play, *Edward II.* Attracted by his success, two other literary men, Robert Greene, and George Peele, who like Marlowe had been trained at the universities, turned their attention to the drama. Peele had written probably as early as 1581 a pastoral comedy in rhyme, called *The Arraignment of Paris*, which was acted before the Queen. He added to this *The Battle of Alcazar*, *David and Bethsabe*, and *Edward I.*, in blank verse. Greene imitated Marlowe in his *Alphonsus, King of Arragon* (1589), and in his later plays, *James IV.*, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso.* This earlier group of playwrights disappeared before Shakspere's pre-eminence as a dramatist became apparent. Greene died in 1592, Marlowe in 1593, and Peele some time before 1598.

III. SHAKSPERE AS A DRAMATIST.

Shakspere served his apprenticeship as an adapter of already existing plays. Thus his early work is distinguished by no sharp line of demarkation from that of his contemporaries; rather, it tends to lose itself in the mass of the plays of the period.

His earliest plays, *Titus Andronicus* and the three parts of *Henry VI.*, are almost certainly the result of collaboration or revision, and commentators are still undecided which portions should be

attributed to Shakspere, and to whom to assign the non-Shaksperean parts, whether to Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, or some unknown playwright. The earliest plays which belong properly to Shakspere are the comedies *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The latter is interesting as Shakspere's earliest experiment in romantic comedy, an attempt which he bettered in *The Merchant of Venice*. These plays, with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard III.*, in which the influence if not the hand of Marlowe is discernible, and perhaps *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspere's earliest tragedy, make up the plays of his early period, the time when he was learning his world and studying the mysteries of the dramatic form. The dates of these plays are generally uncertain, but, with some doubt as to *Romeo and Juliet*, they may be placed before 1595.

To what is called Shakspere's early middle period belong his later attempts at handling English history, *Richard II.*, *King John*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* In this time were written the comedies *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and probably *The Taming of the Shrew*. These may all be assigned to the years just preceding the close of the century. To the later middle period belong *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, the more serious and bitter com-

edies; as well as the great series of tragedies, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The later period, beginning about 1608, includes the plays, *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*, in which the biting cynicism and sombre tragedy of the later middle period give way to a picture of life touched with a serene philosophy and a happy romanticism.

Shakspere's plays were written directly for the stage, and as the pecuniary profit of a play came chiefly from the acting royalty, the author was by no means desirous to publish. Such of the plays as were published in his lifetime appeared in small quarto editions, printed from actors' versions often fraudulently obtained, or even from notes taken in the theatre as the actors spoke. No authorized edition appeared until 1623, seven years after his death, when the first folio was published by two of Shakspere's fellow actors and friends—John Heminge and Henry Condell. This edition is usually regarded as settling the canon of the plays, though in several which it contains the extent of Shakspere's authorship is doubtful, and one play, *Pericles*, generally accepted as his, was not included in any folio until 1663. The text of the folio is corrupt, and has been largely modified by later commentators, partly upon the authority of the quarto editions, partly upon conjecture. The text of the first folio is reproduced

exactly in Dr. Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*. The text usually accepted at the present time as embodying the most necessary and probable improvements upon the folio is that of the Globe or the Cambridge edition, published by Macmillan and Company.

II. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I. DATE.

There are many reasons for doubt as to the exact dates at which Shakspere's plays were written. The fact that several of them were founded on earlier plays bearing similar names, that some were revised or rewritten by Shakspere himself, that all were prepared for the stage, not for publication, are a few of these reasons. Certain tests have been laid down for the determination of the dates of single plays, among which are:

I. *External tests.* (1) The date of publication or of first performance gives a date before which the play must have been written. (2) The mention of a play by name, or an unmistakable allusion to it in a document of known date, fixes similarly a limit to the uncertainty.

II. *Internal tests.* (1) Allusions in the play itself to historical events, or references to other works of known date, may serve to fix the date. (2) Evidences of style,—such as the decrease

in the use of rhyme, the increase in the number of extra syllables before the cæsura or at the end of the line, the increase in the number of lines ending with a light or weak word (auxiliaries or prepositions), the increase in the number of "unstopped" lines, *i. e.*, lines in which the sentence or clause does not end with the line,—serve to mark roughly the later from the earlier plays.

In the case of *The Merchant of Venice* we are able to apply all these tests. (1) The play was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1598, by a piratical publisher named Roberts, and actually published in two forms in 1600. (2) In a pamphlet called *Palladis Tamia*, by Francis Meres, published in 1598, Shakspere is mentioned as the greatest dramatist of his time, and among his works is given *The Merchant of Venice*. Clearly, 1598 is the latest possible date at which the play could have been written.

Other applications of the external tests have been made. For example, it is known that in August, 1594, a "Venesyon Comodey" was produced at the Rose Theatre, but in spite of the fact that there is reason to suppose that at this time Shakspere's company was united with the Admiral's Men, who regularly played at the Rose, the evidence is not sufficient to justify us in supposing that the "Venesyon Comodey" and *The Merchant of Venice* were the same.

Coming to the internal tests, we find them by no

means conclusive. In 1594 attention was directed to the Jews in England by the trial and execution of a certain Roderigo Lopez, a Jewish physician who had plotted to poison the Queen. This event led to popular feeling against the Jews which was used by theatrical managers of the day. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* was given twenty times in that year. It is possible that Shakspere was tempted by this popular feeling to draw Shylock, in which case the "Venesyon Comodey" mentioned above may have been his. On the other hand, the speech of Shylock in Act IV is somewhat like a passage in a book of declamations called *The Orator*, by A. Silvayne, which was translated from the French in 1596. Although the declamation in question is supposed to be spoken by "a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian," yet the points of resemblance are not absolutely conclusive. As for other internal tests, the amount of prose would refer the play to Shakspere's early middle period, as would the comparative absence of rhyme. The other verse tests, on the whole, corroborate this view.

On the whole, then, it can be said with certainty only that the play was written before 1598. The internal evidence (especially the admirable construction of the play) tends to bring down the conjectural date of composition to as late a date as possible. The actual uncertainty, however, is shown by the guesses of critics. Malone gives

1594. Clark and Wright hold that the "Venesyon Comodey" of that year is Shakspere's, but think it was revised before 1598. Boas gives 1595, as does Delius. Fleay gives 1596 or 1597, and Dowden, 1596.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Whether the "Venesyon Comodey" was Shakspere's or not, there is little doubt that there existed an early play of which Shakspere's comedy is a revision. In 1579 Stephen Gosson, in his attack on the stage called *The Schoole of Abuse*, mentioned a play called "*The Jewe*, showne at the Bull, representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and the bloody mindes of usurers." It is scarcely possible that this exact description should not refer to a play which combined, as does *The Merchant of Venice*, the two stories of the caskets and the bond.

The story of the bond is an old one, appearing in varying forms in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Cursor Mundi*, and other mediæval collections of tales. Similar narratives have been found in Persian. Its final form as a story was given it by an Italian, Giovanni Fiorentino, who used it as one of a collection under the title *Il Pecorone*. In this form the story runs somewhat as follows:

A merchant of Florence named Bindo, dying, left his property to his two elder sons, and sent the youngest, Giannetto, to the latter's godfather,

Ansaldo, a rich merchant of Venice. Giannetto was thereupon adopted by Ansaldo, who gave him whatever he wished. When some of Giannetto's friends were about to make the voyage to Alexandria, Ansaldo allowed his godson to accompany them, and gave him a ship well provided with merchandise. On the way to Alexandria it happened that Giannetto put in at a port called Belmonte, where lived the rich and beautiful widow of a pirate captain. Every man who landed at Belmonte was obliged to become her suitor, and if he failed to win her, lost all the property which he had brought with him. Giannetto accepted the conditions, paid his court to the lady, was lavishly entertained during the day, but at night, overcome with drugged wine, he went to sleep. Meanwhile, the lady gave orders to strip his ship of its goods, and when Giannetto awoke there was nothing left for him but to return to Venice. Once more Ansaldo furnished him with a ship and merchandise, and once more he attempted the lady of Belmonte, but with no better result. The third time Ansaldo, in order to obtain money for the outfit, bound himself to a Jew for ten thousand ducats, promising his creditor a pound of flesh cut from any part of his body he pleased, if he should fail to pay it by St. John's Day. Giannetto sailed to Belmonte, but, more prudent than before, merely pretended to drink the wine, and thus remained awake and won the lady. He was living and ruling in

Belmonte, forgetful of Ansaldo, when St. John's Day arrived. Then Giannetto remembered his godfather and hastened to Venice, to find him about to pay the forfeit of the pound of flesh. Although Giannetto offered to pay ten times the amount of the debt, the Jew remained obdurate. Meanwhile, Giannetto's wife had disguised herself as a lawyer from Bologna, and now arrived at Venice. To this pretended lawyer the case was referred. She first endeavored to make the Jew content with the hundred thousand ducats offered, but failing this, bade him cut off the flesh, warning him, however, that should he take more or less than an exact pound, or should he shed one drop of blood, his life would be the penalty. On this the Jew offered to compromise for the hundred thousand ducats, or even for fifty thousand, but the lawyer refused. Giannetto and Ansaldo would have presented the money thus saved to the lawyer, but the latter declined everything except a ring which Giannetto wore, and which he had sworn to his lady never to part with. However, after some hesitation, he gave it to the lawyer. Giannetto returned to Belmonte, taking Ansaldo with him. His wife, who had returned before him, received them joyfully, but at once noticed the absence of the ring, which she charged Giannetto with having given to a woman. Giannetto protested that he had given it to the lawyer, and after a time the wife confessed her stratagem.

Il Pecorone, of which this story is the first tale told on the fourth day, was written in 1378, and published in 1565. In view of the immense popularity of Italian stories in England, we may suppose that it was soon translated into English. It is almost certain, however, that Shakspere had a reading knowledge of Italian, and he may have known the story in the original. There is also a ballad which narrates in some detail the story of the bond, and the discomfiture of the Jew, who is there called Gernutus. The ballad is of doubtful date, but probably earlier than the play. If Shakspere used it he still must have been indebted to some other source for the Belmonte part of the story. Finally, it is quite possible that Shakspere obtained the entire account, as well as the casket story, from an early play which he rewrote.

The casket story in the plot, like the bond story, is an old one. Scholars have traced it in various mediæval forms, once as part of a collection written in Greek about 800 A. D., called *Barlaam and Josaphat;* and again in one of Boccaccio's stories. Most nearly like Shakspere's version, however, is a tale in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection made in the thirteenth century. An English translation of part of this collection was made about 1510, and reprinted six times between 1577 and 1601. Thus it is quite likely that Shakspere ran across the story in question, which is briefly as follows:

An emperor named Anselme, of Rome, arranged a marriage between his son and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. As the young lady was on her journey to Rome her ship was wrecked, and she was saved only by being swallowed by a whale. Released from this prison, she went on to Rome where the emperor subjected her to the following test: he brought forth three vessels,—the first of gold, but filled with dead bones; the second of silver, but filled with earth and worms; the third of lead, but full of precious stones. The first bore the inscription, "Whoso chooseth me shall finde that he deserveth"; the second, "Whoso chooseth me shall finde that his nature desireth"; the third, "Whoso chooseth me shall finde that God hath disposed to him." The lady chose the third, and thus showed herself worthy of the emperor's heir.

The two stories given contain practically all the material of *The Merchant of Venice*, except the Launcelot Gobbo and the Lorenzo-Jessica episodes. The former may have been a direct inheritance from the earlier play. The latter may have been suggested to Shakspere by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. In this play, written in 1589 or 1590, Marlowe's hero, the Jew Barabas, has a daughter, Abigail, who is loved by two Christian knights. Barabas persuades her to encourage both, in order that they shall destroy each other. Abigail, in repentance, flees from her father, and takes refuge in a nunnery, where she dies. The situation is unlike that

in Shakspere's play, except in the mere facts that in both cases the Jew has a daughter who is loved by a Christian, and is ultimately lost to her father. It is almost impossible, however, to avoid the conclusion that in portraying Shylock's frenzy at the loss of Jessica, Shakspere had in mind Marlowe's earlier treatment of the same theme, *e. g.:*

Mer. of Ven., II., viii.—

My daughter! O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Justice! the law! my ducats and my daughter!

Jew of Malta, II., i.—

Oh my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity.
Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss.

[NOTE.—An elaborate discussion of the date of the play and its sources is found in Dr. Furness's *Variorum Merchant of Venice,* pp. 277-331.]

III. THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DRAMA.

The preceding discussion of the sources of *The Merchant of Venice* makes it clear where Shakspere could have obtained the material of his drama. In considering the use to which Shakspere put this material, it is useful to have in mind a few of the characteristics of the dramatic form. A drama undertakes to tell a story by presenting a few episodes or situations from which the entire course of the action can be inferred. Inasmuch as these

scenes are to be presented in rapid succession to an audience, not only must they be clear and easy to follow, but also, to be interesting, they must afford opportunity for striking, significant action on the part of the characters. Further, inasmuch as in a drama the author has no opportunity to tell his audience directly what he thinks of his characters, these latter must reveal their natures and purposes by their attitude toward one another, as manifested in speech or action. It is most important that every action in a drama be explained, prepared for, given a motive, by something which has already taken place, or some trait of character already indicated. Finally, a comedy follows roughly a certain order, in accordance with which the opening scenes give the "exposition," or set forth the relations of the characters to each other at the outset; the next follow a certain development of action called the "complication" by which the hero is brought into difficulties, which finally reach a climax; after which, as the result of another train of events, sometimes called the "counter-plot," the gordian knot is cut or untied by the "catastrophe." The action of the play then seeks its close.

In studying the play before us with a view to noting the details in which it corresponds to these principles of dramatic construction, there is some danger of overemphasis. In the uncertainty as to whether Shakspere used the stories of

Fiorentino and the *Gesta Romanorum* directly, or found them dramatized, we must remain in some doubt whether to attribute specific examples of dramatic skill to him or to an unknown predecessor. Moreover, it must be remembered that an Elizabethan audience did not demand that a play be strictly dramatic. It was to them a vehicle for the presentation of information, philosophy, and fun, somewhat like the novel of to-day. Hence, even in so symmetrical a play as *The Merchant of Venice*, we need not expect to find every scene or speech contributing to the advancement of the action or the development of the characters.

Even with this concession, however, it is evident that *The Merchant of Venice* is a well-constructed play, one in which the technical requirements of the dramatic form are fulfilled. The first scene gives, by way of exposition, the relations between Antonio and Bassanio, and the latter's plan for winning Portia. The second makes clear the conditions under which Portia must be wooed, and hints at her attitude toward Bassanio. The two stories of the bond and the caskets stand to each other as plot and counter-plot; the first brings Antonio into his extreme peril; the second supplies the resolution of his difficulties through Portia. Both are set in motion by the same force, *viz.*, Bassanio's love of Portia; both unite in the scene in which Portia saves Antonio. Shakspere's management of the

Lorenzo-Jessica story and the use which he makes of it to supply employment for the minor characters, to hint at the passage of the necessary three months, and to strengthen the motive of Shylock's ferocity, are to be noted. Another point in the construction of the play is the skillful preparation for the ring episode, which gives the final touch of comedy by transferring the action from Venice, with its tragedies partly or wholly accomplished, to Belmont, with its idylls,

> Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.

The care with which the action of the play, particularly in the bond story, is explained has been much praised. The forfeit of a pound of flesh, despite its frequent appearance in mediæval literature, must have seemed on its face incredible to an Elizabethan audience. This difficulty Shakspere relieves by making the terms of the bond grow out of the verbal fence between Shylock and Antonio. Further, he anticipates the feeling of the audience by Bassanio's expressed horror at the proposal, which is disarmed by Shylock's pretence of a jest, and by Antonio's stubborn pride. Again, the catastrophe of the play is skillfully prepared. Shylock's insistence on his bond is given motive by the scenes with Tubal, and with Antonio's friends, in which he is goaded to desperate irritation. Moreover, the hearer's skepticism as to the validity of

the bond in law is anticipated by Antonio's warning (Act III, sc. 3), that the Duke cannot risk an apparent injustice toward a foreigner. In the great scene itself, Shakspere maintains the suspense of the audience by the futile attempts of the Duke, Bassanio, and Portia to disarm Shylock's savagery, and still more by Portia's declaration that the forfeit must be paid. (Note that the Duke nowhere commits himself to this statement, and talks only of adjourning the case.) Then, like a flash, the resolution comes, in the specious but dramatically effective quibble about the drop of blood; and before we have time to protest against the manifest absurdity of it, we behold it bettered by the legal and equitable decision that the bond involves an attempt on the life of a citizen, and thus subjects its maker to the severest penalty.[1]

But interesting as are these evidences of competent stagecraft on the part of the author, it must not be forgotten that for us the chief interest of the play lies elsewhere. A drama, like a novel, lives, not by virtue of skillful mechanism, but by the representations of human life embodied in it. *The Merchant of Venice* owes comparatively little of its interest to-day to the symmetry of its plot; it owes much to Shylock and Portia. Properly speaking, it is a comedy, not of intrigue or

[1] For fuller discussion of these points see Wendell's *William Shakspere,* and Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

plot, but of character; the persons are not mere puppets designed to carry out a series of situations, exciting or funny; on the contrary, the situations are employed to bring out in high relief the characters involved. Much has been written about these characters by way of explanation of the dramatist's attitude toward them, and of the lessons in human life which he intended them to teach. It has been questioned whether Shakspere did not give Shylock's justification of himself with sympathetic intention; whether he did not intend Antonio's misfortunes as a punishment for his overstepping the bounds of moderation, either in his previous prosperity or in his soberness of character; whether he did not mean the fate of Morocco and Arragon as a rebuke to pride and hypocrisy; whether he did not throw something like contempt into his portrayal of Lorenzo and Jessica. Such questions may well be abandoned at the outset as fruitless. It is of the nature of the drama that the author can not step outside of his characters and give an authoritative exposition of them. In a play the analysis must be hidden; appearance, action, speech are the stuff in which the dramatist works. We must take his people, then, as highly individualized men and women, robust types of human nature, who will repay observation and study, but whose secret, ethical or psychological, we can never discover, even if they have a secret.

IV. THE TIME SCHEME.

One special element in the construction of the drama has reference to the passing of the time of the action. It will be remembered that the bond is due in three months. We have no precise means of calculating this period, but the journey of Lorenzo and Jessica through northern Italy, as narrated by Tubal, would seem to occupy about this time. The slow development of Antonio's losses from mere rumor to apparently ascertained fact helps us to realize this lapse of time, so that we are not troubled in the Venetian story by too rapid movement. But in the Belmont story there is an inconsistency. Bassanio left Venice speedily after the bond was signed, at all events before the "long time" marked by Jessica's journey and the slow returns of Antonio's losses had begun to elapse. The distance to Belmont was short. He refused to be "stayed from his election," and he had no sooner chosen than he departed for Venice. Clearly, we have here no three months.

As a matter of fact, Shakspere often employed two distinct time schemes in the same play, lengthening one train of events to preserve a kind of consistency, and compressing another for dramatic force. It would have been fatal to dramatic propriety to admit any recognized delay in Bassanio's wooing, or in his return to Venice after his success. Accordingly, Shakspere does not attempt to intro-

duce any, and obviously turns aside from the opportunity which Portia offers Bassanio of postponing his choice. He merely scatters among his long-time Venetian scenes the earlier Belmont scenes, to indicate that time is passing equally in both places, and then boldly accepts the inconsistency, trusting that his hearers will feel the onward rush of the play at Belmont, and do their counting of the days at Venice.

III. SHAKSPERE'S STYLE.

1. METRE.

A large part of the study of one of Shakspere's plays consists simply in the intelligent reading of it. Such reading depends in a measure on familiarity with the verse form which Shakspere uses, and with the variations which he permitted in it; in a measure on the ability to catch the meaning of words, constructions, and allusions not in common use to-day.

In Shakspere's time the acting drama was a part of English literature and of English poetry. Just before his advent, moreover, the example of Marlowe had fixed blank verse of five feet to the line as the proper medium of the dramatist. Following him, Shakspere's plays chronologically considered show a progressive disuse of rhyme in dialogue.

Shakspere's blank verse consists regularly of five iambic feet with a cæsural pause after the third. For sake of variety, however, he frequently departs from this type, by shifting the pause, changing the accent of the foot, and introducing extra syllables before the pause, or before the end of the line.

Of doub | le duc | ats stol' n | *from me* by | my daughter!—II., viii., 19.

Lines of three feet or less occur, as well as Alexandrines, or lines of six, *e.g.*, II. vi. 2; II. vii. 5; II. ix. 24; III. ii. 111. Such variations are easily accepted in reading. A few irregularities, which must be noted in order to be recognized, are the following:

Contraction. The number of syllables may be diminished by slurring one of two successive vowels, as:

One half of me is yours, *the other* half yours.—III., ii., 16.
(Pronounced *th'other.*)

When two vowels are separated by *v* or *l*, this slurring is still possible, and in general these liquids readily coalesce with surrounding syllables. Other consonants, especially *v* or *th*, are often slurred, as:

How could he see to do them? *Having* made one.—III., ii., 124.
(Pronounced *ha'ing.*)

Again, a short vowel, especially when it separates two consonants of similar sound, or when it makes

part of the possessive, participial, or superlative ending, may be slurred, as:

And so rivet*ed* with faith unto your flesh.—V., i., 17.
(Pronounced *rivet'*.)

Expansion. The number of syllables may be increased by prolonging or trilling the liquids *r* and *l*, especially in monosyllables, as:

I'll watch | as long | for you | then. Ap | *proach.*
—II., vi., 24.
And so | though yours | not yours. | *Prove* | it so.
—III. ii., 20.

Often two successive consonants may be separated in pronunciation by a vowel which has disappeared in the spelling, as:

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.—IV., i., 452.
(Pronounced *commandement.*)

Successive vowels which we regard as diphthongs are often separated, as:

Your mind is tossing on the oce*-an.*—I., i., 8.
I hate him for he is a Chris*ti-an.*—I., iii., 43.
To woo a maid in way of mar*ri-age.*—II., ix., 13.

W and *y* before a vowel are often resolved into a syllable, as:

Twelve = tw-elve.

Accent. It will be noticed that the accent of words varies somewhat from modern usage. Sometimes the accent is thrown forward toward the end of the word, as:

And others of such vinegar as *pect'*.—I., i., 54.

I tell thee, lady, this as *pect'* of mine.—II., i., 8.

His rigorous course, but since he stands ob *du'* rate.—IV., i., 8.

Sometimes the accent is thrown back toward the beginning, especially in a dissyllabic adjective which precedes a noun accented on the first syllable, as:

To offend and judge are *dis'* tinct offices.—II., ix., 61.

To rib her cerecloth in the *ob'* scure grave.—II., vii., 51.

In both these cases, however, it is possible to read the words with an undetermined or "hovering" accent.

II. LANGUAGE.

The difficulties in the way of an intelligent reading of Shakspere which connect themselves with his language may be attributed partly to differences between the English usage of his day and that of ours; partly to the dramatic form; and

partly to his own nature and practice as a poet. First, it is to be recognized that many words used by the Elizabethans have disappeared, or have gone out of use in certain constructions, or have acquired or lost intensity and color. Mr. Abbott (*Grammar*, p. 12) notes that many words, especially those of Latin derivation, which we use metaphorically, Shakspere used literally, in a sense close to the original. Some examples of this are *prevented*, I., i., 61, *mortifying*, I., i., 82, and *continent*, II., ii., 130. Further cases are noted in the glossary. Here it is sufficient to point out that some perception of the meaning and value of a word to an Elizabethan, is necessary in order to enjoy Shakspere. Again, in constructions the Elizabethans "preferred clearness to grammatical correctness, and brevity to both. Hence it was common to place words in the order in which they came uppermost to the mind without much regard to syntax." This tendency was emphasized in Shakspere's case by the fact that he wrote as a dramatist, putting words into the mouths of characters who availed themselves of the short-cuts of conversation as we do to-day. Moreover, the dramatist, especially if the play is rehearsed by him, can leave much of his meaning to be expressed by the actor. In reading the text of Shakspere we must remember that we are in possession of but one of the means of communication of which a writer for the stage is more or less conscious as

he writes. Naturally, many passages seem to us incomplete. Finally, Shakspere wrote as a poet in an age of poetry—an age when men were really interested in verbal phenomena and when a writer could count upon enthusiastic appreciation for a brilliant figure of speech or a pregnant phrase. In reading him, therefore, we must cultivate a certain alertness of mind, or else fail to respond to the demands of some of the greatest and best English poetry.

A few of the many cases of unfamiliar construction are here classified for reference:

I. *Prepositions.* Shakspere used prepositions with fewer restrictions as to idiom than we admit to-day. For example, *by* is used for *about* in I., ii., 59, and for *for* in II., ix., 26; *from* is used for *away from* in III., ii., 192; *of* is used for *from* in IV., i., 422; for *with* in II., iv., 24; for *concerning*, IV., i., 403; for *for*, II., v., 37; for *on*, I., i., 186. Prepositions are frequently omitted after verbs which to-day require them, as in I., i., 126; II., i., 16; III., i., 58; III., i., 114; III., ii., 29; V., 103; and also in relative clauses, *e. g.:*

> With that keen appetite *that he sits down.*—II., vi., 9.

See also III., ii., 292.

II. *Pronouns.* In Shakspere the possessive pronouns may act as antecedents for relatives, as:

> Or half *her* worthiness *that* gave the ring.—V., i., 98.

A special use of *me*, *thee*, *him*, etc., as ethical datives where we use *for me*, *on his account*, etc., (or else omit the word entirely,) is to be noted, *e. g.:*

Seal *me* there your single bond.—I., iii., 141.

Give *me* your present to one Master Bassanio.—II., ii., 118.

We have not spoke *us* yet of torch-bearers.—II., iv., 5.

The relative pronoun is often omitted (*e. g.*, I., i., 176) where we should expect it, and sometimes inserted as a supplementary pronoun, as in IV., i., 134. (See also I., iii., 133.). *Who* is used indefinitely with *as*, meaning "as one who." See "As who should say," I., i., 93; I., ii., 50.

III. *Verbs.* Verbs which we use as intransitive are often transitive in Shakspere, as "*fear'd* the valiant," II., i., 9. Shakspere's frequent use of impersonal verbs is to be noted, as in II., viii., 33, "*You were best* to tell Antonio," meaning "It would be best for you," etc. The infinitive with *to*, originally a gerund construction, was used indefinitely in Shakspere's time in cases where we should employ a preposition, *by*, *for*, *at*, etc., and the participle; *e. g.*, "Is sad to think upon," I., i., 40, *i. e.*, "at thinking of"; "Make moan to be abridged," I., i., 127; "To wind about my love," I., i., 155, *i. e.*, "in winding," etc.; "Shame myself to give you this," IV., i., 432.

IV. *Adjectives.* Schmidt in his *Shakespeare Lexicon* calls attention to adjectives which do the

office of the first part of compound nouns, limiting the sphere of the substantive instead of adding a quality to it. Thus, "With mirth and laughter let *old* wrinkles come," I., i., 80, refers to "the wrinkles of age." Similarly, "melancholy bait," I., i., 101, means "bait of melancholy"; "civil doctor," V., i., 208, means "a doctor of civil law." See also "virgin tribute," III., ii., 56. Sometimes there is a complete reversal of relation between noun and adjective, as where "brief and plain conveniency," IV., i., 82, stands for "convenient brevity and plainness." Another use of the adjective to be noted is that of words in *ed*, not as participles, but as adjectives which add an attribute or power to the substantive; *e. g.*, "It is twice blest," IV., i., 187, means "It is twice endowed with the power of blessing"; and "the guiled shore to a most dangerous sea," III., ii., 97, means "a shore full of guile." Such adjectives in *ed* show the same reversal of relation with the substantive, as in III., iv., 52, where "with imagined speed" means "with the speed of imagination." Adjectives and adverbs are often used interchangeably, as "You grow *exceeding* strange," I., i., 67, for "exceedingly"; "*richly* left," I., i., 162, for "left rich."

V. *Ellipsis.* "Elizabethan authors objected to scarcely any ellipsis provided the deficiency could be supplied from the context" (Abbott). One of the common instances where this observation

applies is in the case of prefixes and suffixes, particularly of superlative and possessive endings, which often apply to other words than those to which they are joined, *e. g.:*

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.—II., i., 46.
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit.—III., ii., 289.
Until her husband and my lord's return.—III., iv., 30.

A word is frequently joined with two others, to only one of which it bears a natural relation, leaving an analogous word to be supplied, *e. g.:*

She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnished with.
—II. iv., 30.

where *and told me* must be supplied before *what.* See also:

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise.
—IV., i., 75.

where *order them* must be inserted before *to make.* Other cases of ellipsis are to be found in II., i., 32; II., vi., 6; III., iii., 29; IV., i., 55, 56; IV., i., 134; V., i., 203.

The nominative is often omitted, as:

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears.
—I., i., 98.

The relative pronoun, as:

I have a mind presages me such thrift.—I., i., 176.

See also II., v., 43.

VI. *The double negative.* See I., i., 47; I., ii., 29; I., iii., 163; III., iv., 11; IV., i., 59.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and Partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio--
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*
Ant. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.
Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?
Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;

And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good coun-

sel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he

will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet

in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner

come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.
Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!
Bass. Shylock, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd

How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me

And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II.

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot,

being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son; —for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next

turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book! I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio.—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen;'

Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress'; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his

head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will

execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stir-

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ring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,

To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.
[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?

Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd

In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,

So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays

Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always

plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Laun-

celot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his

lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow·
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake; [*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have.
Ner. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there-upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

I. i. 3. *Came by it.* Cf. I. ii. 9.

I. i. 8. *Ocean.* See p. 35.

I. i. 27. *Andrew.* The name of the ship which Salarino imagines that he owns. A common name for vessels, possibly after the apostle Andrew, or after Andrea Doria, a famous Genoese admiral of the sixteenth century.

I. i. 35. *And, in a word, but even now worth this*, etc. The words omitted can be easily supplied. *This* evidently refers to the riches which Salarino has enumerated above.

I. i. 40. *To think upon.* At thinking of. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* § 356. Cf. I. i. 127 and p. 39.

I. i. 47. *Not . . . neither.* A double negative. See Abbott § 406 and p. 42.

I. i. 50. *Janus.* The god was represented with two faces, one laughing, one sad.

I. i. 52. *Peep through their eyes.* Look through eyes half closed as in laughter.

I. i. 54. *Other.* Plural. See Abbott § 12. *Aspect.* For the accent see p. 36.

I. i. 61. *Prevented.* See p. 37.

I. i. 62. *Your worth is very dear*, etc. "I esteem you highly." A conventional compliment.

I. i. 67. *Exceeding strange.* "You are becoming quite strangers. Must this be so?" or "Must you go?"—the latter in reference to their intended departure.

I. i. 74. *Have too much respect upon the world.* Are too much preoccupied with worldly interests.

I. i. 79. *Play the fool, i.e.*, the part of the fool in the drama of life.

I. i. 80. *Old wrinkles.* The wrinkles of age. See p. 40.

I. i. 89. *Do cream and mantle*, etc. Assume a mask, as a pond conceals itself beneath a mantle of slime.

I. i. 93. *As who should say. Who* is used for *one who*. See Abbott § 257, and cf. I. ii. 50.

I. i. 98. The subject is omitted before *would*. See p. 41.

I. i. 99. *Call their brothers fools*. See Matthew v. 22.

I. i. 101. *Melancholy bait*. Cf. I. i. 80.

I. i. 111, 112. To be read as a jingle, with four accents to the line.

I. i. 126. *Continuance*. Omission of preposition. See Abbott § 394, and p. 38.

I. i. 127. *To be abridged*. Cf. I. i. 40.

I. i. 138. *Within the eye of honour*. Within the scope of honor's vision; honorable.

I. i. 145. *Childhood proof*. *Childhood* is, of course, used genitively, the meaning being "proof or experience of youth."

I. i. 162. *Richly left*. See p. 40.

I. i. 171. *Golden fleece*. Cf. III. ii. 237.

I. i. 176. *I have a mind presages*, etc. Omission of relative. See p. 42.

I. i. 186. *Of my trust*. On my credit. See p. 38.

I. ii. 7, 8. *No mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean*. In the "golden mean" of moderate fortune.

I. ii. 53. *Weeping philosopher*. Heraclitus.

I. ii. 59. *By*. About. See p. 38.

I. ii. 80. *Proper man's picture*. Dr. Furness supports the conjecture that this should be read "proper man's-picture," in which case *proper* would have the force of "perfect." Otherwise it is as usual, "handsome."

I. ii. 86. *Scottish*. Changed in the folio to *other* to avoid giving offence to James I.

I. ii. 92. *Sealed under for another*. Promised another box on the ear to the Englishman. An allusion to the old friendship between Scotland and France.

I. ii. 104. *Should*. Would. See Abbott § 322.

I. ii. 120. *Sibylla*. The Cumæan Sibyl, promised by Apollo as many years as the grains of sand which she held. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* xv.

I. ii. 125. *I pray God*. The folio has *I wish them*, to con-

form to the law of 1605, "for the preventing of the great abuse of the holy name of God."

I. iii. 1. *Ducats.* The ducat varied in value in different countries. The Venetian ducat was a coin worth about one dollar and twelve cents. To get the modern equivalent we should multiply by eight or ten.

I. iii. 20. *Rialto.* The exchange of Venice was called the Rialto, from the name of the island on which it was situated. This island is the largest and highest of those on which Venice is built. Its name may be derived from *rivo alto*, "high bank."

I. iii. 35. *The Nazarite conjured the devil into.* See Luke viii. 32, 33. In the early translations of the Bible *Nazarite* is regularly used for "Nazarene."

I. iii. 42. *Publican.* Consider whether Shakspere can have had in mind Luke xviii. 10-14.

I. iii. 47. *Upon the hip.* At a disadvantage: a figure used in wrestling.

I. iii. 60. *Rest you fair.* A conventional greeting, equivalent to "God give you repose." Cf. "God rest you merry" *As You Like It* V. i. 65, and II. ii. 79.

I. iii. 64. *Ripe wants.* Wants that have reached maturity, that admit no delay.

I. iii. 75. *Possessor, i. e.*, of the promise made to Abraham.

I. iii. 82. *Me.* See Abbott § 220. The dative in such cases as this merely calls attention to the speaker, and is equivalent to "mark me," or "I tell you." Cf. 141 below, and p. 39.

I. iii. 131. *A breed for barren metal.* The folio reads *of* in place of *for*. The meaning in any case depends on the comparison between the increase of live stock, cited by Shylock above, and "interest," the increase bred from *barren metal.*

I. iii. 133. *Who if he break.* From whom, if he break.

I. iii. 141. *Seal me.* Here the *me* is strictly an ethical dative to be rendered "for me," or "in my behalf." See Abbott § 220, and p. 39.

I. iii. 142. *Single.* Without sureties.

I. iii. 158. *Teaches.* An old plural form. See Abbott § 333.

I. iii. 160. *Break his day.* Fail to pay on the day fixed.

I. iii. 163. Note the extra syllables before the pause, to be slurred in reading. See p. 34.

ACT II.

The stage direction in the folio is as follows: "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets."

II. i. 7. *Reddest.* Red blood was regarded as a sign of bravery.

II. i. 14. *Nice direction.* Critical guidance.

II. i. 25. *Sophy.* The title of the emperor of Persia.

II. i. 26. *Solyman.* Sultan of Turkey 1520-1566.

II. i. 32. *Lichas.* The page of Hercules. *Play at dice which*, etc. An unusually daring ellipsis. See p. 41.

II. i. 35. *Page. Rage* in the quartos and folios.

II. i. 46. *Blest or cursed'st.* Cf. III. ii. 289, and p. 41.

II. ii. 19. *Something smack, i. e.*, smacked a little of dishonesty. *Grow to.* "A household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste." [Clarendon.]

II. ii. 26. *God bless the mark.* A phrase used conventionally to excuse a harsh or unpleasant word. Professor Child suggested the derivation from Ezekiel ix. 4-6.

II. ii. 30. *Incarnal.* A blunder for "incarnate." See *confusions*, etc., below for similar bits of fun.

II. ii. 40. *High-gravel blind.* Launcelot finds a degree of blindness between "sand-blind" and "stone-blind."

II. ii. 57. *Well to live.* Sure of a long life.

II. ii. 59. *What a' will.* A colloquial form of "what he will."

II. ii. 61. The only point here is the old man's refusal to allow the title.

II. ii. 62. *Ergo.* Therefore. "Because he is my friend he should be Master."

II. ii. 79. *God rest his soul.* Cf. I. iii. 60

II. ii. 101. *Lord worshipped might he be!* The Lord be worshipped!

II. ii. 102. *What a beard*, etc. Launcelot has knelt with his back to his father.

II. ii. 107. *Of.* On.

II. ii. 113. *Set up my rest.* Decided; a term in use in games of cards where the player stakes his venture or *rest* on the cards which he holds. Cf. "Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy" *All's Well*, II. i. 138.

II. ii. 118. *Give me your present.* Another case of the ethical dative. Cf. I. iii. 141.

II. ii. 161. *The old proverb.* "God's grace is gear enough."

II. ii. 170. *Table*, etc. The palm of the hand which is exposed in taking an oath on the Bible.

II. ii. 172. *Line of life.* In palmistry, the line which encircles the ball of the thumb. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus towards the line of life signifieth so many wives." Saunders' *Chiromancie*, quoted by Dr. Furness.

II. iii. 10. *Exhibit.* Either "speak instead of," or else a blunder for "prohibit" or "inhibit."

II. iv. 5. *Us.* Dr. Furness favors the change to *as*, suggested by Pope. If this be rejected, *us* is an ethical dative. Cf. I. iii. 141.

II. iv. 10. *Break up this.* Break the seal of this letter.

II. iv. 32. Note the ellipsis before *What gold*, etc. See p. 41.

II. v. 18. *To-night.* Last night. Cf. *Julius Caesar* III. iii. 1.

II. v. 20. *Reproach.* Launcelot's blunder for *approach.*

II. v. 25. *Black-Monday.* Easter Monday, so called from that day 1360 when King Edward III. lay outside of Paris and many of his men died of cold.

II. v. 30. *Wry-neck'd fife.* The epithet may refer either to the instrument, or to the player. Cf. *trumpet* for *trumpeter.*

II. v. 43. *Jewess'.* Folios and quartos read *Jewes* or *Jews'* which may be the better reading. "Worth a Jew's eye" was a proverb, the reference being to the price which a Jew would pay to avoid mutilation.

II. vi. 5, 6, 7. See p. 41. In spite of the incomplete

construction the meaning is clear, if the two meanings of *fast*, "rapidly" and "strongly," are kept in mind.

II. vi. 9. Cases of the omission of the preposition in relative sentences. See p. 38, and Abbott § 394.

II. vi. 14. *Younker.* Youth. A change from *yonger* in old editions.

II. vi. 24. See p. 35.

II. vi. 35. *Exchange.* Explained by line 39.

II. vi. 43. *Office of discovery.* "The torch-bearer's office is to discover, but I ought to remain concealed."

II. vi. 51. *By my hood.* Probably the hood of the dress worn by the speaker. *Gentile.* The folio has *gentle*, a reading which calls attention to the pun.

II. vii. 4. *Who.* For the interchangeable use of *who* and *which*, see Abbott § 264.

II. vii. 26. *Be'st.* Indicative in form but subjunctive in meaning. See Abbott § 298.

II. vii. 41. *Hyrcanian deserts.* The country south of the Caspian.

II. vii. 51. For the accent of *obscure* see p. 36.

II. vii. 53. *Ten times undervalued.* Silver in Elizabeth's reign was worth about one-tenth its weight in gold.

II. vii. 56. *Angel.* An English coin, worth about two dollars and a half, bore the figure of St. Michael piercing the dragon stamped, or as it were, *insculped*, upon it.

II. vii. 69. *Tombs.* Johnson's emendation for *timber.*

II. viii. 33. *You were best.* Originally the *you* was dative, and the construction impersonal—"it were best for you."

II. viii. 42. *Mind of love. Of love* may have the force of "loving," a frequent construction in Shakspere; or, according to Professor Gummere, it may be taken objectively, "mind bent upon love." Cf. II. v. 37.

II. ix. 18. *Hazard.* May be either noun or verb. Cf. III. ii. 2.

II. ix. 26. *By.* For. See p. 38.

II. ix. 61. *To offend and judge*, etc. The line may be taken in two senses. It may be Portia's excuse for not answering the question, and assuming the function of judge; or it may be a protest against Arragon's assuming to judge his own

case after the *offence* of his choice. The latter is more probable.

II. ix. 68. *I wis.* The adverb *ywis*, "certainly," came to be used as subject and verb, equivalent to "I know."

ACT III

III. i. 4. *The Goodwins.* The Goodwin Sands, off the coast of Kent.

III. i. 21. *Lest the devil cross my prayer, i. e.*, thwart it.

III. i. 37. *Rebels it.* Salanio pretends to think that Shylock is referring to his own body.

III. i. 43. *Red wine and rhenish, i. e.*, red wine and white.

III. i. 97. *Hearsed.* Prepared for burial. The hearse was originally a triangular frame which was placed above the body to hold candles. Later the term came to be used for the frame which supported the pall, and then for the marble slab placed above the body.

III. i. 135. *Me.* Ethical dative.

III. ii. 7. *Lest*, etc. The thought is left incomplete, and the next line gives the reason, *viz.*, because a maiden can not speak of such matters. Portia then returns to her original desire to postpone Bassanio's trial.

III. ii. 20. *Prove it so.* If it prove that I am not yours.

III. ii. 27. *Treason.* The suggestion of treason comes from Bassanio's mention of the rack on which traitors were tortured.

III. ii. 29. *Fear.* Fear for. See Abbott § 200; and cf. III. v. 3.

III. ii. 44. *Swan-like end.* An allusion to the belief that the dying swan had the power of song.

III. ii. 55. *Alcides.* An allusion to Hercules's rescue of Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy, from the monster to which her father was compelled by Neptune to sacrifice her. Hercules's reward was the famous pair of horses belonging to Laomedon, not the love of the lady.

III. ii. 56. *Virgin tribute.* Cf. I. i. 80.

III. ii. 61. The second *much* is omitted in the folio. It is not necessary to the metrical effect of the line.

III. ii. 81. *Vice.* The first folio has *voice*, changed to *vice*

in the second. *Simple.* Schmidt personifies vice, and explains *simple* as "witless," "silly."

III. ii. 84. *Stairs.* The folio has *stayers*, which is explained in the sense of "supporters."

III. ii. 86. *Livers white as milk.* A sign of cowardice.

III. ii. 94. *Upon supposed fairness.* "Surmounting fictitious beauty." [Clarendon.]

III. ii. 97. *Guiled.* See p. 40.

III. ii. 99. *Veiling an Indian beauty, i. e.*, a beauty which, according to European standards, is no beauty at all. The passage has been variously explained.

III. ii. 102. *Hard food for Midas.* An allusion to the Phrygian king whose touch turned everything to gold.

III. ii. 106. *Paleness.* It has been suggested that Shakspere wrote *plainness*.

III. ii. 112. *Rain.* Or *rein*, as quartos 3 and 4 have it.

III. ii. 126. *Unfurnish'd.* Unmated.

III. ii. 140. *By note.* According to the directions in the note or scroll.

III. ii. 159. *Something.* Emendation for *nothing* of the folio.

III. ii. 192. *From me.* Away from me.

III. ii. 200. A more intelligent pointing places a semicolon after *I loved*, in which case *intermission* has its usual meaning of "delay." Otherwise *for* must be understood as "for fear of," and the next line by itself means that Gratiano owes no more to his own efforts than to Bassanio's happy choice.

III. ii. 274. *Impeach the freedom.* Cast doubts upon the reputation of the state for granting freedom, *i. e.*, equality, to all.

III. ii. 289. *Unwearied.* See p. 41.

III. ii. 298. The additional syllable may be gained by making *hair* dissyllabic, or by prolonging *through*. See p. 35.

III. iii. 27. *For the commodity*, etc. If strangers be deprived of their privileges (*commodity*) it will cast doubt upon the justice of the state. See p. 41.

III. iv. 6. *How true a gentleman*, etc. Cf. I. i. 126. Modern English would allow the dative without *to* if the sen-

tence were transposed: "You send a true gentleman relief."

III. iv. 25. *Manage.* For "management." See Abbott § 451.

III. iv. 30. Cf. II. i. 46, and p. 41.

III. iv. 49. *Padua.* Theobald's emendation for Mantua.

III. iv. 52. *Imagined.* Of imagination. See p. 40. Perhaps "all imaginable." See Abbott § 375.

III. iv. 72. *I could not do withal.* I could not help it.

III. v. 3. *Fear you.* Fear for you. See Abbott § 200.

III. v. 4. *Agitation.* Evidently for "cogitation."

III. v. 49. *Quarreling with occasion.* Seeking to turn the word from the matter in question.

III. v. 64. *Cheer'st.* What cheer? Equivalent to *How far'st thou* of the quarto.

III. v. 71. *Mean it, then.* The folio has *it* for *then. Mean it* = "mean to lead an upright life"; or else, as suggested, "observe moderation in his happiness." The latter is far-fetched.

ACT IV.

IV. i. 8. *Obdurate.* For the accent see p. 36.

IV. i. 37. *Due and forfeit.* Forfeit which is due.

IV. i. 39. *Upon your charter.* Cf. III. ii. 274.

IV. i. 50. *For affection, mistress of passion.* The folio has no stop after *urine*, and a period after *affection.* It reads *masters* for *mistress.* All these changes were suggested by Dr. Thielby in Theobald's edition. *Affection* seems to bear the sense of "disposition," or possibly "prejudice." *Passion* = "feeling."

IV. i. 56. *Woollen.* The meaning can only be guessed at. Possibly the epithet refers to the covering of the instrument; possibly the word should be *wawling.*

IV. i. 68. *Offence.* In its subjective meaning of "resentment," as in the idiom "take offence."

IV. i. 76. *And to make no noise.* The clause may be taken as depending on *forbid*, in which case it is an instance of a double negative; or an ellipsis may be recognized before it.

IV. i. 77. *Fretten.* The reading of the quartos. The folio has *fretted.*

IV. i. 82. *Brief and plain conveniency.* Convenient brevity and plainness. The relation of adjective and noun seems inverted. See p. 40.

IV. i. 128. *Inexecrable.* Changed in the third folio to *inexorable*, for which it is probably a misprint.

IV. i. 134. *Who, hang'd.* The construction is explained by Abbott § 376 as a nominative absolute, to be rendered "and when he was hang'd."

IV. i. 142. *Cureless.* The folios read *endless.*

IV. i. 163. *Impediment to let him lack.* Professor Gummere suggests that the repetition of *let him lack* may be a printer's error. Otherwise this passage must be regarded as elliptical: "such as to cause him to lack."

IV. i. 185. *The quality of mercy*, etc. The nature of mercy is not such that it acts under constraint.

IV. i. 187. *Blest.* Cf. III. ii. 97, and p. 40.

IV. i. 224. *Daniel.* See the *History of Susannah* in the Old Testament Apocrypha.

IV. i. 249. *Hath full relation.* Is clearly applicable.

IV. i. 256. *Balance.* The plural ending is omitted. Cf. *waft* in V. i. 11.

IV. i. 273. A difficult line to read. The later folios supply *a* before *misery.*

IV. i. 276. *Speak me fair.* Speak well of me.

IV. i. 279. *But.* The folio has *not. But* is the reading of the quartos.

IV. i. 282. *Presently. Instantly* in the folio.

IV. i. 332. *Estimation of a hair.* Quantity to be estimated by a hair.

IV. i. 335. *On the hip.* Cf. I. iii. 47.

IV. i. 390. *Of all he dies possess'd.* Cf. I. i. 125.

IV. i. 400. *Ten more.* To make a jury.

IV. i. 432. *To give you this.* Cf. I. i. 40, and p. 39.

IV. i. 452. For the metre see p. 35.

ACT V.

V. i. 4. *Troilus.* In Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, Troilus, the son of Priam, is made the lover of Criseyde, the

daughter of the Greek soothsayer Calchas. A line in Chaucer's poem gave the suggestion for the passage:

"Upon the walles faste eke wolde he walke." Bk. v. 666.

V. i. 7. *Thisbe.* It has been pointed out that Shakspere was probably indebted to Chaucer for this reference and the two following: See *Legende of Goode Women*, Parts ii. iii. iv. He may have found the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in Ovid *Metamorphoses* iv. See any classical dictionary.

V. i. 10. *Dido.* Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid.* Hunter suggests that "Shakspere has transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's 'Legend' concerning Ariadne." Cf. *Legende of Goode Women* vi. lines 309 *et seq.*

V. i. 11. *Waft.* Wafted or waved. A case of absorption of the final *ed* for euphony. Cf. *King John* II. i. 73.

V. i. 13. *Medea.* The account of Medea's renewing the youth of Æson is not given in Chaucer's *Legende.* Gower (*Confessio Amantis* Bk. v.) has a description of the sorceress gathering herbs by moonlight. See also Ovid *Metamorphoses* vii.

V. i. 37. Dr. Furness notes the adverbial hypallage. "Let us prepare a ceremonious welcome," etc. Cf. line 277.

V. i. 53. *Music.* Musical instruments.

V. i. 59. *Patines.* *Patines* or *pattens* were plates, often of gold, used in the ceremony of the eucharist. Dr. Furness thinks the reference is not to the stars, but to broken clouds, bright in the moonlight. The first folio reads *pattens*, following quartos 2 and 3. The first quarto gives *pattents*, and the second folio, *patterns.* If the last reading should be adopted the reference would be to the constellations.

V. i. 61. *Like an angel sings.* Cf. Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together." For the *music of the spheres* see also Plato, *Republic* x. According to Plato the heavenly bodies moved about the earth in eight successive spheres. "Upon each circle stands a siren who travels round with the circle, uttering one note in tone; and from all eight there results a single harmony." See Dr. Furness's note in the *Variorum.*

V. i. 63. *Such harmony.* Corresponding to the harmony of the spheres is that of the human soul.

V. i. 99. *Respect.* "Regard to circumstances," or, perhaps, "attention."

V. i. 103. *Attended.* The same doubt as above. "When neither is attended by fitting circumstances," or simply, "attended to, listened to."

V. i. 109. For *Endymion*, see a classical dictionary.

V. i. 129. For the play on the word cf. II. vi. 42; III. ii. 91.

V. i. 167. For the metre see p. 35.

V. i. 204. *To urge.* "So much as to urge you to give," etc.

V. i. 208. *Civil doctor.* Doctor of civil law. See p. 40.

V. i. 240. *Which. Body* is the antecedent.

V. i. 259. *Richly.* See above on V. i. 37, and cf. I. i. 162.

GLOSSARY.

Abode: stay. —II. vi. 21.
Abridged: restricted. —I. i. 127.
Accomplished: furnished. —III. iv. 61.
Address'd: prepared. —II. ix. 19.
Advantage: interest. —I. iii. 71.
Advice: consideration. —IV. ii. 6.
Advised: careful. —I. i. 143.
considerate. —V. i. 226.
Advisedly: deliberately. —V. i. 243.
Affection: interest. —I. i. 16.
disposition.— I. ii. 37, 41; IV. i. 50; V. i. 87.
An: if. —I. ii. 99; II. ii. 65.
Anon: at once. —II. ii. 128.
Appropriation: addition. —I. ii. 47.
Argosies: large merchantmen. The word is derived from Ragusa, a Mediterranean port with which England carried on a large trade. —I. i. 9; I. iii. 18; III. i. 109.
Attempt: tempt. —IV. i. 422.

Baned: killed. —IV. i. 46.
Bated: weakened. —III. iii. 32.
Become: befit. —V. i. 57.
Beholding: beholden. —I. iii. 102.
Beshrew: curse. —II. vi. 52; III. ii. 14.
Best-conditioned: of best character. —III. ii. 289.
Bestow'd: placed. —II. ii. 183.
Bottom: vessel. —I. i. 42.
Break: fail in keeping his agreement. —I. iii. 133; I. iii. 160; III. i. 124.
Break up: break open. —II. iv. 10.
Breath: language. —II. ix. 90.
Breathing: verbal. —V. i. 141.
Carrion: skeleton. —III. i. 37
A carrion death = a skull. —II. vii. 63.
Cater-cousins: "remote relations." Misused by Launcelot for "mess-fellows." [Schmidt.] —II. ii. 141.
Cerecloth: shroud. —II. vii. 51.
Ceremony: sacred object. —V. i. 204.
Charge: expense. —IV. i. 258.
Cheer: countenance. —III. ii. 308.
Circumstance: ceremony, circumlocution. Cf. *As You Like It* V. iii. 10, "the lie with circumstance." —I. i. 155.
Close: secret. —II. vi. 47.
Cold: unwelcome. Cf. *Two Gent. of Verona* II. iv. 186.—II. vii. 73.
Commends: recommendations. —II. ix. 90.
Commodity: merchandize. —I. i. 179.
convenience. —III. iii. 27.
Complexion: color. —II. i. 1; II. vii. 79.
nature. —III. i. 31.
Compromised: bound in agreement. —I. iii. 79.
Conceit: mental faculty. —I. i. 92.
conception. —III. iv. 2.
fancy. —III. v. 58.
Condition: character. —I. ii. 146.
quality. —V. i. 74.
Confound: destroy. —III. ii. 272.
Contain: retain. —V. i. 199.
Continent: container. —III. ii. 130.
Contrive: plot. —IV. i. 353, 361.
Convenient: proper. —III. iv. 56.

Conveniently: properly. —II. viii. 45.
Cope: reward. —IV. i. 413.
Counterfeit: portrait. —III. ii. 115.
County: Count. —I. ii. 49.
Cover: wear a hat (as a mark of equality). —II. ix. 41.
lay the table. —III. v. 45, 53.

Danger: control. —IV. i. 181.
Dardanian: Trojan. —III. ii. 58.
Disabling: undervaluing. —II. vii. 30.
Discharge: pay. —IV. i. 209.
Doublet: the quilted or wadded coat of the period. —I. ii. 82.
Drive: bring, commute.—IV. i. 373.

Eaning: bearing. —I. iii. 84.
Eanlings: lambs just born. —I. iii. 80.
Election: choice. —II. ix. 3.
Enow: a form of *enough*, properly plural. —III. v. 22; IV. i. 29.
Entertain: keep up. —I. i. 90.
Envious: malicious. —III. ii. 278.
Envy: malice. —IV. i. 10; 126.
Equal: exact. —I. iii. 146.
Erebus: the lower world. — V. i. 87.
Estate: situation. —III. ii. 232, 312.
rank, dignity. —II. ix. 41.
Estimation: worth. —II. vii. 26
respect. —IV. i. 164.
Excrement: beard. —III. ii. 87.

Faithless: unbelieving. —II. iv. 38.
Fall: let fall, bring forth. —I. iii. 85.
Fancy: love. —III. ii. 63.
Fashion: form, appearance. —IV. i. 18.
Fear'd: frightened. —II. i. 9.
Fearful: causing apprehension. —I. iii. 172.
Fill-horse: thill or shaft horse. —II. ii. 104.
Fleet: fly. —III. ii. 108; IV. i. 135.
Flight: range or power of flight. —I. i. 142.
Fond: foolish. —II. ix. 27; III. iii. 9
Fool: foolish. —I. i. 102.
Forth: out. —I. i. 15, 144; II. v. 11.
Fraught: freighted. —II. viii. 30.
Fretten: fretted or chafed. —IV. i. 77.
Fulsome: wanton. —I. iii. 83.

Gaberdine: a loose cloak like a shepherd's frock. —I. iii. 109.
Garnish: equipment. —II. vi. 45.
Garnish'd: furnished or clothed. —III. v. 63.
Gaged: pledged. —I. i. 131.
Gear: matter. —I. i. 110; II. ii. 179.
Glean'd: separated. —II. ix. 46.
Gramercy: a conventional exclamation from the French *grand mercie*, great thanks. —II. ii. 131.
Gratify: requite. —IV. i. 407.
Guarded: trimmed, ornamented, or perhaps hemmed, to prevent tearing. —II. ii. 167.

Habit: conduct. —II. ii. 202.
dress. —III. iv. 60.
Heaviness: sadness. —II. viii. 52.
Heavy: sorrowful. —V. i. 130.
High-day: holiday, and hence rare. Cf. *Merry Wives* III. ii. 69. —II. ix. 98.
Hose: trousers. —I. ii. 83.
Humility: kindness, humanity. —III. i. 74.
Husbandry: stewardship. —III. iv. 25.

Impeach: disparage, cast doubt upon. —III. ii. 274; iii. 29.
Imposition: injunction. —I. ii. 117; III. iv. 33.
Impugn: oppose. —IV. i. 180.
Innocence: "artlessness bordering on silliness." [Schmidt.]—I. i. 146.

Judgment: sentence.
—IV. i. 83, 89, 103, 241, 245.
Jump: agree. Cf. *Twelfth Night* V. i. 259. —II. ix. 32.

Kept: dwelt. Cf. *Macbeth* V. iv. 9. —III. iii. 19.
Knapped: snapped, broken into pieces or perhaps nibbled, gnawed. —III. i. 10.

Leave: part from. —V. i. 148, 170.
Level: aim, guess. Cf. "She level'd at our purposes" *Antony and Cleopatra* V. ii. 339. —I. ii. 42.
Liberal: "free," or perhaps "licentious." [Schmidt]. Cf. *Hamlet* IV. vii. 171. —II. ii. 197.
Light: in the modern sense of frivolous. —II. vi. 42; III. ii. 91.
Likely: pleasing. —II. ix. 92.
Livings: possessions.
—III. ii. 157; V. i. 262.
Lodged: settled. —IV. i. 60.
Lover: friend. —III. iv. 7.

Magnificoes: chief citizens of Venice. Cf. *Othello*, I. ii. 12.
—III. ii. 276.
Match: bargain. —III. i. 46.
Mere: absolute. —III. ii. 258.
Methinks: it seems to me, from A. S. *thincan* = to seem, not from *thencan* = to think.
—I. iii. 70; IV. i. 434, 440.
Mind: desire, intention. *Mind of feasting forth*, desire to sup abroad. —II. v. 37; IV. i. 434.
Miscarried: perished.
—II. viii. 29; III. ii. 312; V. i. 242.
Moe: more. —I. i. 108.
Moiety: part. Cf. *Lear* I. i. 6.
—IV. i. 26.
Mortifying: in its literal sense of causing death. —I. i. 82.
Mutual: common. —V. i. 77.

Naughty: wicked.
—III. ii. 18; iii. 9; V. 91.
Neat's: horned animal's.—I. i. 112.
Nominated: appointed.
—I. iii. 146; IV. i. 260.

Obliged: pledged. —II. vi. 7.
Occasion: need. —I. i. 140.
the matter in hand.
—III. v. 49.
O'er-look'd: bewitched,—III. ii. 15.
Offices: deeds. —IV. i. 33.
Old: used intensitively, like "great" or "fine." —IV. ii. 15.
Opinion: reputation. —I. i. 91, 102.
Ostent: external show.
—II. ii. 208; II. viii. 44.

Pageants: the great wagons used to transport stage and actors through the streets in the primitive days of the drama. The word came to be applied to the spectacle itself. —I. i. 11.
Pardon: remit. —IV. i. 370, 375.
Part: depart. —II. vii. 77.
separate. —III. ii. 173, 185.
Parts: offices. —IV. i. 92.
qualities. —II. ii. 194.
Passion: outcry. —II. viii. 12.
feeling. —IV. i. 51.
Patch: fool, a term derived from the parti-colored dress worn by fools. —II. v. 46.
Pawn'd: put at stake. —III. v. 76.
Peize: retard, from the French *peser*, to weigh. —III. ii. 22.
Pent-house: a shed sloping from a building. —II. vi. 1.
Pied: spotted. —I. iii. 80.
Pleasure: do a favor. —I. iii. 7.
Plots: plans. —I. i. 134.
Port: bearing, state. —I. i. 125.
importance. —III. ii. 277.
Possess'd: informed.
—I. iii. 65; IV. i. 35.
Posy: the verse inscribed in a ring.
—V. i. 146.

Preferment: promotion.
—II. ii. 158.

Preferr'd: recommended. —II. ii. 158.

Presently: immediately. —I. i. 184; IV. i. 282.

Prest: ready. French *pret*.—I. i. 161.

Prevented: anticipated. Cf. *Hamlet* II. ii. 305. "So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery." —I. i. 61.

Prize: contest for a prize. —III. ii. 141.

Purse: put in a purse. —I. iii. 171.

Quaint: ingenious. —III. iv. 69.

Quaintly: cleverly, neatly. Cf. *Hamlet* II. i. 31. —II. iv. 6.

Qualify: modify. —IV. i. 7.

Quality: manner. —III. ii. 6. nature, character. —IV. i. 184.

Question: trial. —IV. i. 173. speech. —IV. i. 73, 347. talk with. —IV. i. 70.

Quiring: singing in concert. —V. i. 62.

Rated: scolded. —I. iii. 104.

Reason'd: spoke. —II. viii. 27.

Regreets: greetings. —II. ix. 89.

Remorse: pity. —IV. i. 20.

Repent: sorrow. —IV. i. 279.

Respective: considerate.—V. i. 154.

Rib: enclose. Cf. *Cymbeline* III. i. 19. —II. vii. 51.

Riping: ripening, maturing. —II. viii. 40.

Road: port. —I. i. 19.

Sad: grave. —I. i. 1, 40; II. ii. 208.

Sadness: soberness. —I. i. 6; II. ii. 54.

Sand-blind: partly blind as if with sand in the eyes. The original may have been *sam-blind, i. e.*, half blind. —II. ii. 39, 81.

Scant: moderate. —III. ii. 112; V. i. 141.

Scanted: limited. —II. i. 17.

Scarfed: adorned with flags. —II. vi. 15.

Scrubbed: stunted. —V. i. 160.

Season'd: recommended, made agreeable. —III. ii. 76; V. i. 107.

Seasons: tempers. —IV. i. 198.

Self: same. —I. i. 149.

Sense: respect. —V. i. 136.

Sensible: full of feeling.—II. viii. 48. tangible. —II. ix. 89.

Sentences: maxims. —I. ii. 11.

Shrewd: evil. —III. ii. 239.

Sirrah: a contemptuous form of *sir*. —I. ii. 150.

Skipping: flighty, wanton. See *Twelfth Night* I. v. 214.—II. ii. 199.

Slubber: slur over. —II. viii. 39.

Something: somewhat. —I. i. 125; II. ii. 19, 197.

Sonties: "sante or sanctity" [Schmidt] or, more probably, "saints." —II. ii. 49.

Sooth: truth. —I. i. 1; II. vi. 42.

Sort: *n.* "way," possibly "lot." —I. ii. 117.
v. dispose. —V. i. 132.

Sped: dispatched. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* III. i. 94.—II. ix. 72; V. 115.

Squandered: scattered.—I. iii. 22.

State: fortune, estate. —III. ii. 255; V. i. 95.

Stead: help. —I. iii. 7.

Still: ever, always. —I. i. 17; I. i. 137; I. iii. 106; III. ii. 74.

Straight: straightway. —I. i. 31; I. iii. 171.

Strain'd: constrained.—IV. i. 184.

Stratagems: dreadful deeds.—V. 85.

Studied: practiced. —II. ii. 208.

Substance: gross weight.—IV. i. 329.

Sufferance: patience. —I iii. I07; III. i. 76.

Suited: apparelled. —I. ii. 82. arranged. —III. v. 59.

Supposition: conjecture. —I. iii. 18.

Thought: anxiety. —I. i. 36.

Thrift: success. —I. i. 176. profit. Cf. "Where thrift may follow fawning," *Hamlet* III. ii. 67. —I. iii. 51, 87.

Thrive: prosper. —I. iii. 86; II. vii. 60.

Time: life. Cf. "The soundest of his time hath been but rash." *Lear* I. i. 298. —I. i. 130.

Touches: "the acts of the hand on a musical instrument." Schmidt. —V. i. 57, 67.

Tranect: ferry. Probably a corruption of the Italian *traghetto*. —III. iv. 53.

Truth: honesty. —IV. i. 214.

Tucket: a flourish on a trumpet. —V. i. 121.

Unchecked: undenied. —III. i, 2.

Untread: retrace. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 908. —II. vi. 10.

Usance: interest —I. iii. 46, 105.

Use: usufruct, present possession. —IV. i. 384.

Vailing: lowering. Cf. "Vailed lids," *Hamlet* I. ii. 70 —I. i. 28.

Varnish'd: painted or masked. —II. v. 33.

Vasty: waste, desolate. Cf. *Henry Fifth* II. iv. 105. —II. vii. 41.

Very: true. —II. ii. 115; III. ii. 219. often placed before substantives to indicate that they must be taken in an unrestricted sense. —III. ii. 36, 219; IV. i. 13.

Via: (Italian) away. —II. ii. 11.

Virtue: power. —V. i. 197.

Wanton: sportive. —III. ii. 93; V. 71.

Want-wit: idiot. —I. i. 6.

Waste: spend. —III. iv. 12.

Wealth: welfare. —V. i. 239.

Where: whereas. —IV. i. 22.

Wit: intellectual power, judgment. —II. i. 18; III. ix. 81.

Withal: with it. —II. vii. 12; III. ii. 210; III. iv. 72. together with. —IV. i. 451. with. —III. i. 29, 56; IV. i. 413.

Wroth: wrath, or perhaps ruth, misfortune. —II. ix. 78.

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